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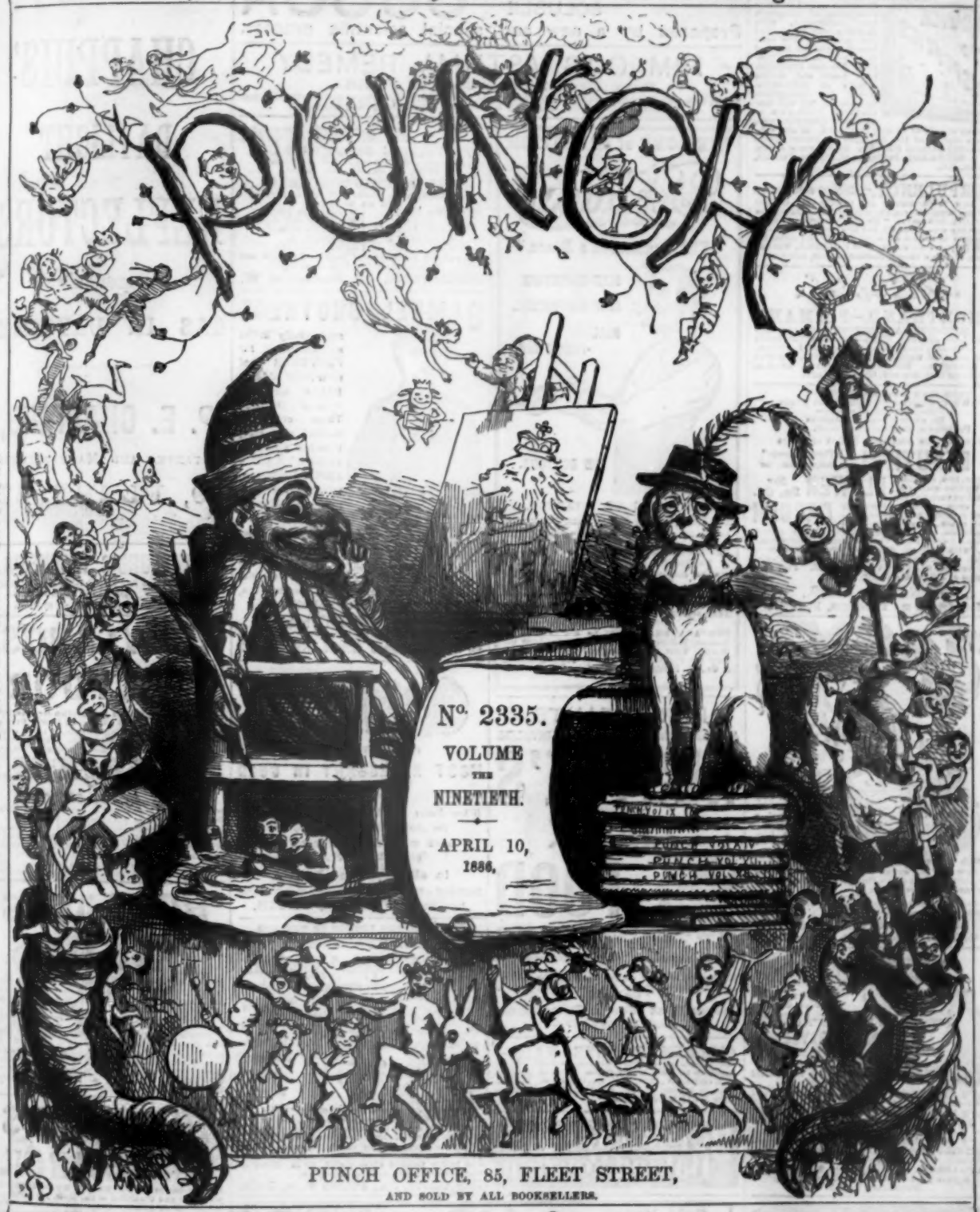

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IN COURT JUST NOW.

Scene—*Royal Courts of Justice. Summing-up in the great case of* Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce. *Court crowded. Jury attentive. Usher vigilant.*

The Judge. Gentlemen of the Jury, this is a case in which the Plaintiff is a linen-draper, residing at Wolverhampton, and the Def—— (*A crash. The Electric lamp-glass, suspended in the centre of the Court, falls on to the head of a Learned Counsel, who is carried out bleeding. Sensation.*) Dear me! Mr. Cookham, who is that who has been injured?

Mr. Cookham, Q.C. Merely a Junior, m' Lud.

The Judge (*much relieved*). Ah! then he won't be missed. But I confess I should prefer some "ancient lights" in Court. (*Laughter.*) These Electric play-things are too dangerous. Where is the Engineer?

Usher. Gone circuit, I believe, m' Lud.

The Judge (*astonished*). Circuit! Why, is he a Barrister?

Mr. Cookham, Q.C. No, m' Lud. The Usher has made a slight mistake. He's gone to "complete the circuit," that's all.

The Judge. Ah, well, when he comes back, I shall really insist on his keeping a due supply of Surgeons, and some *Court* plaister, handy in case any more of these lamps take to falling on people's heads. I should think—eh, Mr. Cookham?—I merely throw it out as an *obiter dictum*, but I should *think* that this conduct exposed the Engineer to the animadversion of the Court of *Crown* Cases Reserved. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Cookham, Q.C. Not *preserved*, m' Lud, certainly. (*More laughter.*)

The Judge (*turning to Jury*). Well, Gentlemen, as I was saying, when the Electrical Engineer's desperate attempt at manslaughter interrupted me, this is a case in which the Plaintiff's name's—dear me! what is the Plaintiff's name?—let me examine my notes. (*Does so.*) Why, what's this? My notes are covered with soot, or dust, or something! So is my desk! (*Looking up.*) Why, so is your wig, Mr. Cookham! (*Turning angrily to Usher.*) What is the meaning of this?

Usher (*deprecatingly*). 'Taint my fault, m'Lud. It's the blacks "come in with the ventilation"; they've come from the street.

The Judge (*growling*). Not the first nuisance we owe to a Street in *this* building. Well, Gentlemen, I must—phew!—adjourn this case till to-morrow; I can't see you, owing to the density of the atmosphere, but I dare say you can hear my voice. To-morrow, at the same time. And let me advise you, for your own sakes, to bring helmets and respirators with you. [*Court rises, as the Blacks fall.*

"A Lord in Waiting."—Lord Hartington.

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WILLIAM TO JOHN.

"*Is* the old man friendly?"—*Dick Swiveller.*

What do *you* say, my old friend John?
Followers falter and friends fall off.
Joseph has left me, George Otto is gone;
Backers look doubtful and enemies scoff.
All thoughts are turning to you, John, to-day.
What do you say, John, what do you say?

Birmingham's shaky, *your* Birmingham, Bright;
Even my Abdiel Scots show alarms.
Can I count *you* on my side in the fight?
Say, once again, are we brothers-in-arms?
Hundreds ask which is *your* side in the fray.
What do you say, John, what do you say?

Veterans both, we may yet hold our own,
Fighting together as often of yore.
If you desert me, I *shall* feel alone.
Sad that, you know, John, at nearly four-score.
Come, must we part? Are you going my way?
What do you say, John, what do *you* say?

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(*Companion Account to the Expense of the Drawing-Room.*)

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Prime Minister. Wear and tear of old Official Costume, &c.	2	10	0
Newly-Appointed Cabinet Minister (complete outfit, West-End)	150	0	0
Ditto, ditto, ditto (ditto, as advertised, East-End)	43	7	10½
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What is their refreshing drink at a Cabinet meeting?—A "split."

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"By the bye, Old Man, the Duchess of Cheekboro' has asked me to her Fancy Ball. I wish you'd recommend me a Costume."

"Has she asked your Wife?"—"N—no."

"Does she know you're Married?"—"Y—yes."

"And yet you're *going!*"—"Well—a—yes!"

"Then let me recommend you one of Her Grace's *Liveries*—it will suit you splendidly!"

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Miss Tadema's novel is bound to awaken:
Though her first—so we're told—'tis first-rate as a "starter,"
A capital story you'll find in *Love's Martyr!*

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Neither heavy nor dense, we have *Evidence* here
That the story is light and amusing and clear!
Maurice Noel's the Author, and he—will he not?—
In one Volume assist you to find out the plot.

"FRANK'S RANCHE."

If you want to know what's to be done with our boys,
Here's a capital book that one really enjoys!
For of life in the Rockies—the smooth and the rough—
In *Frank's Ranche* is the story told frankly enough.
With adventure and travel 'tis brimming—in short
'Tis a fund of good spirits, statistics, and sport!
You should read it at once, for there's not the least doubt
That "E. M." knows full well what he's writing about.

"DICKENSIANA."

If, with your Dickens-lore you'd make
Considerable headway,
The way to be well-read's to take
This book brought out by Redway.
'Tis clear, exhaustive, and compact,
Both well-arranged and written;
A mine of anecdote and fact,
Compiled by F. G. Kitton.

A Brilliant Variation.—Mr. and Mrs. Littleton's reception of the Abbé Franz Liszt, at Westwood House, Saturday night last, was an event never to be forgotten. But it was not until all the Great 'uns had left the Littleton's that the Greatest of them all sat at the piano in the midst of a cosy and select circle, and then, when *Mr. P-nch* had put on his Liszt slippers . . . . . but to say more were a breach of hospitality. Suffice it that on taking up his sharp-and-flat candlestick in a perfectly natural manner the Abbé, embracing *Mr. P—ch*, sobbed out, "This is the Abbé'ist evening I've ever had! Au plaisir!"—(*Extract from a Distinguished Guest's Diary. Privately communicated*).

It is not much of a compliment to a Cricketer to call him "An out-and-out player."

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

I'm quite free to confess as how we've bin raypher short of Princes and Dooks at the Manshun House lately, and all kinds of warious reesons has been given to acount for it. They're none on 'em quite sattisfactory to me, no hexcuses never ain't, for I quite agrees with the great Dook of Cambridge wen he sed, as the feller as is good at hexcuses ain't never not no good at anythink else. However we broke the hice last Satterday week and had a Royal Prince and a Royal Dook all in one, and who is also the Commander in Chief of all the Middysterraynean Sea, and the Marster of the Trinity House on Tower Ill. I confesses as this larst title seems raypher a tumble down arter the others, but as the pashent Hangler hobserves, "Little Fishes is sweet."

The kind Lord Mare, ankshus no dowt to give the poor old fellers a treat, arsked all the Elder Brothers of the Trinity House to cum and see their royal Marster, witch they all did, and drest theirselves up in blue and gold livverys, jest like reel Sailers, tho' why their poor yunger brothers was left out in the cold noboddy coudn't tell me.

To perwent anythink like jealousy, I spose, on the part of the Army, we had also another Royal Prince and Royal Dook all in one, and who is also the Commander in Chief of all the Queen's Armys, and jest to oblige his Nevvy, I spose, he acshally cum drest like a Sailer, all in blew. So wen he rose up to return thanks for the Army, he amost blusht, and apollygised for his blew costoom, witch he oped as the Army wood xcuse, but many of the werry old Ginerals looked werry sawage at the slite on their royal Skarlet, and so did the four royal skarlet Footmen as stood behind the Royal Princes cheers.

It was a purfectly lovely site wen the compenny all stood up to drink "the Queen," for with the xception of just a few Common Coucilmen in sollem black, jest to give a tone to the picter and carst a hair of respecterbility over the hole lot, they was all in ether skarlet or blew unyform, and all smothered over wifh sitch lots of gold lockets and dimond stars, as I spose, their warious wives lent 'em jest for the heavening—as I never seed the likes on. What a striking contrast! Why I've acshally seed the present Prime Minister, pore fellah, a setting next to the Lord Mare on one of these brillyant ocashuns, and he was drest as plane as a Metherdist Parson, and hadn't ewen got no Star! Brown sed as the reason was, as he hadn't got no Garter, but I should like to know how Brown could know that, he hasn't never bin his Wally I suppose.

Lord Granwill made the best joke of the heavening. He sed as he was a Brother of the Trinity House, and he claimed for his Elder Brothers as they put up the most usefoolest Lites round the Coast, and made the most hidjus noises with their fog-signels, of any Brothers old or yung, anywheres. That a frend of his was woke in the nite and thort it must be a dying Cow in the back garding, and went down to sea, but coudn't find it, so Lord Granwill, seeing Sir Arther Sullywan at the table, said as he had no dowt at all but that it was "The Lost Cord," which had been found at last by his Elderly Bretheren, wen everybody else had given it up!

Well, arter waiting on Royal Princes and Dooks, praps one can ardly think of a grater change than offishiating at a Bankwet of the Washupfool Company of Barbers! I natrally had sum esitation in accepting the ingagement, but curiosity overcum pride, and I went, and suttenly a more respectabel looking lot of Air Dressers I shood think was never seed. I did not reckognise my own partickler hartist from the 7 Dials among 'em. Praps they draws the line at "Clean shave 1*d*." My nite was a nite of wunders! Fust there was the Dining-room, built by Inkynose Jonns, as Brown told me, and he seems to know amost everythink, and then there was the picters, such picters! Why I was told as the werry biggest of the hole lot, which was painted ever so long ago by Old Binn, is of such enormous walue that the late Sir Robert Peel acshally hoffered the Barbers

THE GRAND OLD "MAN PROPOSES," AND—

(*After Sir E. Landseer's "Man Proposes," &c.*)

three thowsand pounds for a little bit of it, becoz it was a little bit like his Grandfather, but the Barbers, like true artists as they is, declined with thanks.

Then there was the Plate! amost all of it given by Kings and Queens. Wot a story sum of it tells of the days of old, ah, and of the nites too. Fansy a punch Bole given 'em by Queen Ann, all of sollid silver, and big enuff for a Bath for a Baby, and so hevvy that I coud scarcely lift it. And then there's a lovely Gold square Cup that holds about a pint, with four bells hanging at the four corners, and at a certain time of the Bankwet every gest had to fill it with his favrite drink and empty it at a draft, and then soberly ring the four bells, and this was guv 'em by that reel lover of wedded life, Enery the hayth!

There was a Major Joseph Sumbody, I didn't quite ketch his other name, and in course I shoodn't have named it if I had done so, who must have got just sitch a seller of Port Wine as I shood like to have. I herd him tell his estonished naybur, a old Common Couselman as I has known a werry long time, that the werry yungest Port in his seller was '47! The only remark as his nayber made was, Ar! but there was a twinkle in his grey eye that was equal to a hole wellum of "Gammon!" The Chairman was a Major as well as a Barber, and guv out his Toasts like flashes of Hartillery, and without won shuperflous word. And wot with the hinteresting All, and the old picters, and the old Plate, and the old Wine, it was one of the nicest hevenins as I've waited at for a long time, and so all the werry gentlemanly looking Barbers and their gests seemed to think. Robert.

NOTHING IF NOT CLASSICAL!

(*Extraordinary Conversation, heard outside the Stock Exchange.*)

"I say, Charley, you did not turn up yesterday, and so lost your two guineas."

"I don't think it worth my while to cross my roof [meaning threshold] for such a trifle."

"I say! I didn't know you were quite such a Cassius [meaning Crœsus] as that."

"Oh yes; I take Epaminondas [meaning Epicurus] for my model, and think pleasure to be the only real good."

"A regular Stagirite, [meaning Sybarite,] I do declare! Ta, ta!"

MR. PUNCH EXPERIENCED NO UNPLEASANTNESS FROM THE CROWD AT THE BOAT-RACE THIS YEAR.

"GRAND ROUNDS."

Sir,—You asked me, as General Inspector of Artistic Forces, to go round to the different Studios on Little Show Sunday, and on the Great Show Sunday—which, alas, is sometimes *pas grand' shows*—to which request I respectfully but firmly declined to accede. I am all for the Sunday opening of places of recreation to the Public—have I not seen the Salon in Paris opened gratis to the working-man and provincials, and crowded on a Sunday morning?—with respectable refreshments within reach—for nothing so stimulates the appetite and drinketite as sight-seeing. But this Sunday opening is for those who cannot get any other day in the week, not for those who can; and therefore, Sir, I would not, on compulsion, visit any Studios on the Sundays named by you. My inspection combines business with pleasure; but on Sunday I want no business, combined or otherwise. No, Sir, on the Day of Rest, as, with becoming dignity, I informed you, I like to take things easily; whereupon you frivolously returned, "Why not take things easel-ly, and see the Studios?" Ah, Sir, cannot you be serious even on such a subject? Must, forsooth, Sunday become for you merely Punday!

One morning then, arrayed in my official uniform as General Inspector of the R. A. Division, and armed with a sufficient supply of copper and small silver medals bearing the likeness of Her Gracious Majesty, wherewith to decorate those fortunate persons who should have the honour of holding my stirrup, I mounted my spirited Danish charger Bukjömprhe, who has carried me bravely through many a field of cattle, and lightly touching him with the spur while I reined him in tightly on his brand new silver-threepenny bit, I caused him to execute three demivolts and two caracoles, which brought all that there was most beautiful in the neighbourhood to the windows, to whom, kissing the tips of my fingers, I gracefully bent to my saddle-bow, and then clearing the railings at a single bound (Bukjömprhe never makes two bounds at an obstacle), I dashed across the verdant sward of Hyde Park, swam the Serpentine, and taking the single iron post and rail in my stride, my gallant steed shot past the Park-keeper, who, as an old soldier, was standing at the double-salute, and, in less time than I have taken to recount this, we had passed through the two first Court-yards, and were standing, my gallant steed and I, without a hair turned, or a muscle quivering, at the inner portal of Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart. and P.R.A.

The President's Chief-Oil-and-Colour-Man, in full Academic livery (it was devised by Michael Angelo for the President of the Venetian Art Society as part-payment of a sum of money lost at *cinque-cento* to the Illimito Loorenzo, known as the Artful Doge of Venice, and recently presented to Sir Frederick by a descendant, in as straight a line as possible, of Loorenzo's), descended the steps, and, in reply to my inquiry, expressed his extreme sorrow at his being unable to disturb the President at that moment.

"Sir Frederick is not yet up," he said, in answer to my inquiry, "and Herr Joachim is behind a curtain, playing the fiddle to him."

"A Herr on the violin!" I exclaimed with exquisite humour; and, springing lightly out of the saddle, in another second I rushed upstairs, and was in the President's *zlümber-zimmer*, as we used to say in Hanover before it was annexed.

On seeing me, the President looked out from underneath the bed-clothes (Joachim, unaware of my intrusion, was still performing his sonata behind the curtain which divides the *zlümber-zimmer* from the *habilimento-appartemento*, or dressing-room, as we used to say when I was an Art-student in Umbria), and murmured, lazily,

"*Caro mio!* . . . can't help it . . . doing 'The Sluggard,' you see——" And he pointed to that exquisite piece of sculpture, which will soon be before the eyes of an admiring public.

"But," I said, after passing several encomiums on the statue, "I want to see the ceiling."

"My dear fellow, that's why I'm so done," said the President, yawning. "After the ceiling I'm floored." Then, raising his voice, he called out, "Joachim, my boy, you've often brought down the house, bring down the ceiling to show to the Herr Inspector."

The eminent and herculean violinist, staggering under the weight of this colossal work, was a sight never to be forgotten. I examined it in the courtyard, and being unwilling again to disturb Sir Frederick, for "'Twas the voice of the Sluggard, I *had* heard him complain," I left the ceiling, with its Cupids and Muses and Lyres and dancing-girls and pipes, to the care of the attendants, and vaulting on to Bukjömprhe's back—he was getting a bit restive—I careered to High Art Row, and throwing the reins to a passer-by, I cautiously entered Studio No. 2, but promptly retired with a "Beg pardon, I'm sure!" having caught sight of a model in such a state of attire as left nothing whatever to my vivid imagination.

My old friend Horsley, R.A., was after me in no time. "It's only a lay figure," he cried out, over the banisters.

"Fact?" I asked, suspiciously.

"Truth," he answered, with his hand on his heart, bowing over the banisters.

"Naked truth?"

"My Lady," said he, winking and chuckling. "Come up!" he added, as if he were addressing Bukjömprhe, not his rider.

"'Scuse me, Mr. Horsley," I replied, "but I'm a married man with a character to lose, and before I consent to enter, I must know who it is you have got in your studio?"

He leant over the banisters, and in a hoarse whisper—that is speaking hoarsely—he said,

"My Lady!"

I would hear no more. "Horsley, farewell!" I said, and in another minute I was in the saddle. I have since regretted my too precise virtue, having ascertained that "My Lady" is only the title of one of the pictures with which the veteran Academician is about to startle the public in this forthcoming May. The First of May is just the time for "My Lady;" but "My Lord" ought to be with her, likewise "Jack-in-the-Green" and Mr. Merryman.

I pulled up at my old friend's, Sir John Everett Millais', Bart. In answer to my summons, the door was immediately opened, and the Bart's head popped out. "Not to-day, family's out of town," he said; but on catching sight of my face, he came out with, "I beg

your pardon, but took you for the baker, and the house is shut up just now! Can't offer you to have a pull at anything, except a pull at the bell. Then, after humming the chorus of an old comic song, "O dear, raggedy O, what a jolly young fellow was Billy Barlow!" he observed, "That's my subject, you know—Barlow; same chap I did as the Dying Naturalist. Can't show it to you now. House shut up, and I'm going to bed for a holiday. I'll tell you what though, I'm doing a real big historic work that'll take the wind out of Titian and knock Vandyck and Velasquez into a cocked hat."

"The subject?" I asked.

"I'll tell you," replied the Bart, "and you only," and thereupon opening the door half an inch wider, and squeezing a bit of himself out over the door-chain, he whispered in my ear, " . . . . My! It is . . . ." Stupendous! I was so staggered by the information that I had not heard the slamming of the door behind me.

Once more I sprang into the saddle, and galloped away in the direction of Alma-Tadema's.

Just in time for a classical luncheon. There, in a grove of orange-trees, lay the painter on a marble seat near a fountain, carelessly quaffing Falernian from the interior cask, while Greek maidens and boys stood around serving him.

"What have you got there?" I cried out cheerily; for, truth to tell, I felt a bit peckish.

"An Apodyterium," the Painter replied. "Have some?"

"Ναί!" I said, in excellent Greek, and, giving my horse into the care of a Greek Slave, I accepted a plateful, for I am always glad to make the acquaintance of any new dish. I was hungry, and took the first spoonful down at a gulp. Ahem! . . . . "No more Apodyterium for me, thank you, if this is it," said I to myself mentally; but to the glorious Artist I merely said, "Food for the Gods, O Tadema! Have you some rare Chian or Falernian wherewith to wash it down?"

No sooner suggested than poured out. I drank it off at a gulp. Perhaps my face betrayed my true feeling.

"It has been in bottle some two thousand years," said the glorious Tadema, simply. "I'm afraid," he added, after just sniffing it, "it is a little gone."

In less than another minute I had followed the wine's example. I was, I felt it, "a little gone." The slaves carried me out into the air, and bathed my forehead with the water from the sparkling fountain. Not otherwise did they deal with the heathen temples—when fevered—of old.

Slowly I allowed Bukjömprhe to saunter down the street. I was aroused from my reverie by the sound of wild beasts roaring and growling. The Danish horse pricked up his ears, and refused to move. The noise came from behind a high wall close to us. Rising in my stirrups, and standing on my well-trained steed's back, I was able to see the cause of the disturbance. There was Briton Rivière standing at his easel, with paints, pots, and brushes, while opposite him, properly grouped, were a lion, a lioness, and three jackals.

"Come in!" says he, catching sight of me on the top of the wall. "Come in! they won't hurt you. It's only their play. Lie down, will you!" This last command was addressed to an old lion, who, being disengaged at the moment, had slily made for that part of the wall over which my left leg had just appeared. "No, thank you!" I replied, nothing daunted. "Just tell me your subject, and I'll look in again, when you're disengaged."

"The name of my picture," said M. Rivière, mysteriously, "I will whisper to you; but breathe it not in Gath." I gave the required promise as to Gath, and included Bath, to neither of which places have I any idea of going. Then he whispered it to me over the wall, and I cantered gaily away, singing:—

"Oh, he told me in a whispah
That his picture's name was Rizpah."

And on I went again until Bukjömprhe made a stumble. It is most rare with him; there was something in it. There was—in the shoe: a stone. As we were close by an A.R.A.'s house. The intelligent animal's hint was sufficient. Tying him up to a ring by the door, I strolled in among the oak-trees and over the bridge: the swans are floating down the stream: the whole scene breathes quiet and peaceful. Yonder sits a gentleman in the costume of the last century, over whose head some summers have past; on the terrace are two ladies and a little dog: they are shaking hands, or reading a letter.

"Mark us!" they are saying.

The gentleman turns towards me, and in a second *I turn to Stone! Stone!*—to Mr. Marcus Stone—and I congratulate him on having struck out an entirely new and original line this year. He waves his hand to the swans, the bridge, the trees, and the ladies. "This is how it is done," he says; and, feeling that I only belong to the "so-called" nineteenth century, I retire.

"Ah, what a happy life is an A.R.A.'s, is it not, my Bukjömprhe?" I ask the brave old horse, who says "Neigh," by way of reply. Then we trot on to Mr. Fildes, who has anticipated my arrival by looking out of a small window, and shouting, "Don't come in! It's Venice"—and so I ride on. "Chutnee as usual?" I shout as I pass Rajah Prinsep's establishment. "We've finished tiffin," he says, looking out from under a punkah, "and am going away for the day." This saves trouble, and I do not descend. But I ask myself, is this Oriental hospitality?

But the hour of One—my hour—is approaching, and as yet I am only at Dicksee's Land. Dicksee, A.R.A., is at home, but he would rather not show me his picture, it is so new and original. "I'll lay a trifle," I say, musingly, "that there's an organ in it"—he shakes his head—"or a piano." He blushes—I have divined his secret. "Is it a maiden playing?"

"Hush!" he cries, "for Heaven's sake! I will not do it again."

We shake hands. "*Quod Dicksee, Dicksee,*" I murmur to myself—which I explain to the trembling Artist does not mean that I think he deserves to be sent to "quod"—"but I do not regret it." Speed thee onward, my gallant steed—we must be at the Knight's Castle ere the stroke of Two, then back by the Vale of Maida and the Wood of St. John, which to traverse, I have heard, is dangerous after nightfall. On! On!

The drawbridge is up! The horn is sounded. The Warder is summoned. "A friend!" The Pass-word. "Water-Colour and Sir John Gilbert, R.A." Good. The drawbridge is down. Bukjömprhe is led to stable by a couple of grooms. "Ifakins but he shall be well fed and well watered as his master shall be well quartered," cries a hearty voice; and the next minute the good old Knight is embracing me heartily in the ancient hall.

Pasties are on the sideboard, boars'-heads, barons of beef, flagons of ale, bottles of Rhenish.

"Marry come up! gadso!" says the Knight, as we sit down to the viands, "here is the finest banquet for thee that Master Choppe, the butcherly knave, can serve us with. A *Benedicite*, holy friar, and then fall to as best ye may." We do so.

"Gramercy!" quoth Sir John Gilbert, "I've just finished my work of painting, and by the merry maskins, I know no method better than this of effectually cleansing and refreshing the palate," and with a frolicsome wink in his eye, that would have brought the blush to even the cheek of a Primrose Dame—and that's considerable—he added, "Here's to ye!" and raising the foaming beaker of right good English ale to his lips, he did not remove it thence until there was scarce a drop left to trickle lazily down the sides, as he turned it topsy-turvy, and fall on to the boards of polished oak.

The repast was protracted into the large hours of the afternoon. After this we played at the old chivalric game of chuckspear, at which the Knight is an adept, and I am no bad hand for one rather out of practice. Hippocras and Metheglin were handed round in goblets at intervals, and we had a jolly evening of it, while the rain and east wind had a good time of it outside.

Suddenly I felt . . . It was not the wine, for I had not taken anything to speak of,—but it was that confounded Greek stuff I had swallowed some hours previously, and which was now doing its deadly work.

"Good Knight——" I began, addressing Sir John.

"By all means," he replied. And, ere I had time to utter another word, his servitors had advanced, and the next minute I found myself, like *Christopheros Sly*, in a tapestried bed-chamber. . . . It was next morning before I awoke. I will resume my "Grand Rounds"—but this is enough, so far. A tap at my chamber door! Ha! ha! It is a tap, and a right good tap too! A flagon of cool ale for the morning draught—Sir Knight, I drink to ye!

Yours, The Grand All-Rounder.

Motto for Bass's Bitter.—"*A-liquid Amari.*"

Shop Hours Regulation Bill.

"No hope of uniform closing by voluntary action."—*Evidence before Committee, D.T., March* 30.

A New Fashion.—The *Irish Times*, March 29, in announcing that the Lord-Lieutenant and the Countess of Aberdeen intend giving a garden-party early in May, add that—

"It is desired that Gentlemen should wear suits of Irish tweed, Irish felt hats, and poplin ties of St. Patrick's blue. Both Ladies and Gentlemen should wear Irish gloves exclusively."

The regulation for the Irish Gentlemen alone is sufficiently becoming, but for the Ladies and Gentlemen together, to wear "Irish gloves exclusively," that is, to the exclusion of all other articles of attire, is going as near the simple fashion of those first two garden parties, Adam and Eve, as can well be imagined!

PICTURE SUNDAY.

Piers Sopeley (explaining his picture). "It 's just a realistic Allegory, too sadly typical, alas! of our own time. It illustrates the fading away of Art, Love, and Sincerity in the foul miasma of Worldly Success!"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "*How* lovely! How *true!!* And oh, what a *Lesson* for us all!" *Snarle.* "Not in *Painting!*"

SINK OR SWIM!!

A desperate venture! Old and strenuous striver
With many storms, you never yet essayed
A plunge more perilous. Schiller's daring diver,
Who plumbed the furious whirlpool, unafraid,
To snatch the goblet from the black abyss,
Scarce tried a task more terrible than this.

What inner fire the valiant veteran urges
The fury of the floods once more to brave,
To beat with time-worn arms the insurgent surges,
To breast the wrath of the fierce refluent wave?
The fire of phrensy, or that finer flame
That age cannot abate nor peril tame?

"Mad! Mad!" The accord of many voices moves him
No whit from his set purpose. The cold doubt
Of ancient comradeship in vain reproves him;
The friendly warning and the hostile flout
Fall equally unmarked on faith-stopped ears,
By pleadings unseduced, unswayed by fears.

How will he fare? The light grows dimmer, dimmer,
The wreck more hopeless looms through the black night,
The mad floods menace the adventurous swimmer,
Hot in their wrath, tumultuous in their might.

What, what will rope and buoy at last avail?
How may he win the wreck? What if he fail?

Comrades shrink back, long wont in faith to follow,
They falter now, retire a scattered crew,
So strong the fear, hope's tale so wild and hollow.
The King who down the gulf his goblet threw
Found one to follow it, and only one.
Mad or heroic? How will record run?

Now! Strong men hold their breath, anticipating
The imminent plunge; and, whether foe or friend,
The 'mazed bystanders watching, wondering, waiting,
Whate'er their hopes or fears about the end,
May spare a sympathetic wish for him
Who puts all to the touch, to sink or swim.

Whiskey and Water. — Note a Paper recently read at a meeting of the Scottish Meteorological Society on "The Winds and Rainfall of Ben Nevis in 1885." Not a word therein about the "Dew off Ben Nevis," or celebrated "Mountain Dew." Has the progress of Temperance swept it all away?

If the Statutory Parliament comes into existence in Dublin, the first one will be known as the Irish Parnellment.

A POLITICAL PLAINT.

What was it frightened thee away,
And bade thee face retreat,
Below the Gangway made thee stray
To choose thy lonely seat?
Those millions, that repaid had been—
Or not—as time will show?
The Parliament on College Green?
Thou 'lt surely answer "No."
Then, ah! why with me not remain'!
Why leave me, gentle Chamberlain?

Or is it that from me being freed
Thou think'st to stand alone—
Trustest some day to give a lead
That shall be all thine own?
Ah! if 'twere this, then fain would I
But bid thee go thy way,
Nor ask why thou dost not reply,
When thou dost hear me say,
"With me why wouldst thou not remain,
O fickle, foolish Chamberlain!"

Suggested by Dr. Roose's Second Article in the "Fortnightly."—*Dîner à la Russe* used to be all the fashion, in future it will be *La vie à la Roose.* The sum is, "take it easier than you do." Good: let us all Roose't and be thankful.

Gathered from the Grove.—"Barmaids have no nerves." (*Times Report, April* 3.)—Having been at the Bar so long himself, Mr. Justice Grove must be considered as an authority on the subject.

SINK OR SWIM!!

A LIGHT AND LUCY'D HISTORY.

For a while the public will put aside its novel reading, and defer even the latest shilling sensational till the more convenient season when they shall have finished *A Diary of Two Parliaments*, whereof the second volume has recently been issued, and which, ere this appears, may have reached a second and even a third edition.

The peculiarity of the author of this Diary suggests to me the idea that if, at any time, a light, unbiassed, eminently readable History of the Jews under the Kings of Israel and Judah might be required, a work whose style should be modelled on the Orientalisms of the Book of Proverbs and Ecclesiasticus, illuminated by a touch of the humorous method of Dickens, and tempered by observations after the caustic parenthetical manner of Thackeray, and which should be illustrated from time to time with apt Biblical similes, and the happiest Dickensian parallels,—should, I say, an imperious demand arise for such a remarkable work, then Mr. Henry Lucy is the man to supply it.

By means of this Diary, the Parliamentary characters who, to most of us outsiders, are but names at the beginning of speeches in the dry journalistic reports, and many of them not even so much as that, are brought, as it were, home to us, and thus the names and individualities of Christopher Sykes, Ashmead-Bartlett, Bradlaugh, Chaplin, Sir Charles Foster, Randolph Churchill, Hicks, Newdegate, Serjeant Simon, Dodds, Barttelot, Chamberlain with his orchid, and Warton with his snuff-box, with many others, will be as familiar to the present generation, and to the rising one, as were *Mr. Dick, Barkis, Major Pendennis, Dick Swiveller, Oliver Twist, Winkle and Bumble* to the generation now gradually disappearing from the scene.

The only fault we have to find with *A Diary of Two Parliaments*—a title evidently suggested by *A Tale of Two Cities*—is that this highly entertaining style of interesting us in politics, makes the reading of the Debates a much drier task than it even used to be; for how can we any longer picture such creatures of a humorous novelist's fancy as are Mr. Lucy's Churchill, his Bartlett, his Warton, his Gladstone, and his Cross (Sir Richard) humdrumming away through column after column of closely-printed matter, without even an incident, an entrance, or an exit to vary the tedious commonplace monotony of an evening's debate? Truth to tell to the charmed reader of the *Diary*, these beings belong to the range of purely humorous fiction, whose actions, apart or in combination, assist in carrying out the story to its *dénoûment*, pointing the moral and adorning the tale. As regards the story, it is a novel without a heroine; for it must be owned that, striking as are all the characters of the men, it is lamentably deficient in female interest. The situations, however, are all unforced and natural, and the excitement is well sustained from the opening of the first chapter to the concluding sentence of the last. And though, as we have hinted, female interest is not unnecessarily dragged in—not even to the Peeresses' Gallery—yet that it cannot be entirely absent is evident from the fact that in every page of the *Diary* there is clear evidence of the presence of a really very "Fair One" of the name of Lucy.

UNSOUNDLY RATED.

A Commercial Forecast.

"The measure armed a practically irresponsible Government Department with power to deal with £800,000,000 of capital so as to manipulate it, and reduce a very moderate profit into an absolute loss."—*General Shareholders' Verdict on Mr. Mundella's Railway and Canal Traffic Bill.*

A very crowded Meeting of the Proprietors of the Great London and Central Railway Company was held yesterday afternoon at the City Terminus, for the purpose of discussing the recent disastrous Report issued by the Directors, and of taking, if possible, further action thereon.

The Chairman, who was very pale, and had to be led to his place on the platform, and was evidently suffering from acute nervous prostration, said he hardly knew how to open the proceedings. They were, he regretted to have to say, of such a very gloomy character, for the facts and figures that he had to submit to the meeting were to him, not only in his official capacity as Chairman, but in his personal and private position as a debenture holder, quite shocking and overwhelming. A year and a half since, what was the position of the Company? Their Debenture and Preference Stock stood respectively at 125 and 133, and they were paying their ordinary Shareholders a dividend of 6½ per cent. per annum. This was when they were getting £4 a ton—a reasonable rate for the conveyance of Steel Rails, Bath Bricks, and Sardines, which enabled them to pay their way, and satisfy all parties. But what was their position now, under the provisions of Mr. Mundella's iniquitous Bill? On appeal to the Board of Trade their charges had been cut down; and, whether they could afford to do it or not, they were now forced to convey the selfsame goods at three farthings the hundredweight. The result was only what could be expected, and he, the Chairman, hardly had the strength to communicate it to the Meeting. (*A Voice, "Let's know the worst!"*) Well, if they wished it, he would go on. The figures he had to place before them were most dispiriting—more, they were quite heartrending; and it was almost with a sense of blank despair that he announced to those assembled to hear his statement, that not only were there no assets available for any dividend on the Ordinary, Preference, and Debenture Stock, but that the half-year's takings left an absolute deficit, the working expenses exceeding the receipts by a considerable amount, to meet which the Company have to part with a portion of its rolling stock, and half their terminus, and reduce the fees to its Directors. The extinction of the whole line as a Commercial undertaking could only be a matter of time. Personally he was ruined. All his property was invested in the 4 per Cent. Debenture Stock of the Company, which was now quoted at 13, and he never expected to see it touch any higher figure. He could only conclude by saying that the prospect, when he looked at it, brought the tears to his eyes.

Upon the Chairman resuming his seat—which he did, evidently overcome with emotion—a scene of indescribable confusion followed; the proposition of a Shareholder that the Meeting adjourn in a body for the purpose of breaking the windows at the Offices of the Board of Trade, being carried with enthusiasm.

TEN YEARS AFTERWARDS.

"THEN." Scene—*The Club.* Time—1876. *Present* Brown *and* Jones.

Brown. Well, just as the Eights got to Hammersmith Bridge, Oxbridge put on a spurt, and Camford was left a length behind.

Jones (*excitedly*). Yes—yes! From the accounts in the papers I thought No. 3 was trained too fine. Well, go on—yes—Camford was left a length behind——

Brown (*slowly*). And there was no alteration until the two crews came abreast at the Limes at Mortlake.

Jones (*eagerly*). Well——

Brown. It was then that Camford put on the steam, and rowing forty strokes to a minute, beat Oxbridge by a dozen lengths. I never saw such enthusiasm. There were hundreds of thousands of spectators on the shores cheering with all their might! It was magnificent! It was grand! It was——

Jones (*interrupting him with a sigh*). Ah! I wish I had been there!

"NOW." Scene—*The Club.* Time—1886. *Present* Brown *and* Jones.

Brown. Bet you don't know what I did last Saturday?

Jones. Haven't the faintest notion. Didn't know that anything was going on anywhere.

Brown. Went to Putney.

Jones. Putney! (*Laughing.*) What an odd place to go to! What took you to Putney?

Brown. Why, the Boat-race, to be sure.

Jones. What Boat-race?

Brown. Why, the Blues, of course.

Jones. The Blues! Didn't know they had an eight. Who are they rowing against? The First or Second Life?

Brown. Don't mean the Horse-Guards. I mean the two 'Varsities.

Jones. What 'Varsities?

Brown. Why, Oxbridge and Camford, you gubbins!

Jones. Do they still have a Boat-race? Thought they had given it up years ago.

Brown. Not a bit of it. Last Saturday, first-rate contest. You must know that when Oxbridge got to Hammersmith——

Jones (*interrupting him with a yawn*). Ah! I wish I had been there!

A NEW DEPARTURE.

"Alice" has gone out to Barnum—Alice in Wonderland.

We read in the *World* of a Bishop for South Africa consecrated in Whitechapel. Surely it ought to have been in Blackfriars.

The Way of the World.—Round its axis.

The Worst of Women's Suffrage.—Grandmotherly Legislation.

"UNEARNED INCREMENT."

Aunt. "And how do you like your Doll's House your Uncle gave you?"

Niece (who has taken to Story-Books lately). "Oh, it 's a beautiful, convenient House; but I 've Let the Apartments, furnished, to Mabel and Gerard for Thrippence a week!".

"IN THE NAME OF THE PROFIT—£100,000!"

A Contemporary has recently sent round a circular to "the best and wisest of men," asking "how they would spend £100,000," had they it in their gift unincumbered by the claims of kindred and friends. The replies published have hitherto been so few and unimportant that it has been considered advisable to give in these columns some additional answers, as appended:—

The Right Hon. W. E. Gl-dst-ne.—Spend the whole of it in a magnificent statue to that great Statesman the late Earl of Beaconsfield, whose pedestal should be enriched with statuettes of Lords Hartington and Derby, the Duke of Argyle, Sir Henry James, and Messrs. Trevelyan and Chamberlain.

The Ch-nc-ll-r of the Exch-q-r.—Purchase a Crown, to be worn by my descendants at some remote date. As I am connected with the Royal Family, the succession may pass into my line yet in the dim and distant future.

The Right Hon. J. Ch-mb-rl-n.—Obviously devote it to the acquisition of Cows and Acres.

Lord R-nd-lph Ch-rch-ll.—Part in Gladstone collars, remainder in designs for a statue of self.

The Duke of C-mbr-dge.—Equally between Volunteers and Militia, two bodies infinitely preferable to the Regular Army.

Prince H-nry of B-tt-nb-rg.—Uniform of Captain in the First Life Guards (to be worn at home when no one is looking) and annuity.

Mr. H-nry Irv-ng.—Testimonial to Friend Toole.

Mr. J. L. Toole.—Testimonial to Friend Irving.

Mr. Arth-r C-c-l.—On supper.

Dr. B-gsh-we, B-sh-p of N-tt-ngh-m (R. C.).—I shall devote it entirely to purchases of Primrose League Badges for gratuitous distribution amongst the more influential members of my flock.

Sir Edm-nd H-nd-rs-n.—As a legacy to the Home for Lost Dogs, in recognition of the services afforded by that excellent institution in suppressing the unmuzzled.

The President of the Royal S-c-ty of P-nt-rs in W-t-r C-l-rs.—Give the whole of it to the Royal Institute.

The President of the Royal Inst-t-te of P-nt-rs in W-t-r C-l-rs.—Present the full amount to the President of the Royal Society.

And Mr. Punch.—Retain the whole sum for the most deserving of reward, who would adopt the appropriate motto of "Charity begins at home."

LYRICS IN A LIBRARY.

II.—To Oliver Wendell Holmes.

O thou, whose wisdom and whose wit,
Whose fancy and whose fable,
Have won two hemispheres to sit
Around thy breakfast-table.
Our old-world notions never find
A more indulgent critic,
Though your sharp scalpel lurks behind
Your verdicts analytic.

In *Elia's* hand the essay writ
With admirable fancy,
A thousand prosy subjects lit
With potent necromancy.
So now across the Western seas,
Atlantic billows tost on,
There comes, in precious books like these,
A Lamb—"designed of Boston."

I never crossed from this old shore
Atlantic ocean ridges,
I never heard the Charles downpour
Through all the Boston bridges;
And yet I seem to know your home,
The "Hub," the Boston people;
To see the State House with its dome,
Hear chimes from Christchurch steeple.

For I have pondered o'er each page,
Till half by heart I know it,
Of keen "Professor," kind and sage,
Of tender-hearted "Poet."
Before the "Autocrat" I see
In vain his foemen flounder,
Like Don Diego Perez, he
A veritable "pounder."

One idyl to my heart of hearts,
Professor, you have granted,
Though scarce susceptible to darts
By Aphrodite planted.
In Dreamland Iris still I woo;
It raises up my dander,
To think she married even you,
O happy Marylander!

So trust me, Doctor, writing here,
Afar 'mid English daisies,
Howe'er unkempt my rhymes appear,
That honest are my praises.
I cry "*Peccavi!*" if you care
With my poor verse to quarrel,
Yet *Punch* may ask you 'll deign to wear
This leaf of English Laurel.

PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS No. 7. THE SPEAKER'S LEVEE THE RADICAL RATIONAL DRESS MOVEMENT

SSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 29.—"It's quite clear," said RANDOLPH, surveying the opposite benches this afternoon, "that when we build new House, we must make provision for extra corner seats on the Liberal side."

Situation certainly growing embarrassing. Bad enough before CHAMBERLAIN and TREVELYAN came out; now things have grown beyond all possibility of arrangement. Fortunately HENRY JAMES doesn't seem to hanker after corner seat. Content to sit anywhere so that he doesn't inconvenience other people. But HARTINGTON must have corner seat. Proposed to appropriate FORSTER's old place won after desperate conflicts with Dr. LYONS. But DODDS claims reversion; not inclined to yield to HARTINGTON. GOSCHEN holds on to his corner seat on third bench above Gangway. CHAMBERLAIN, showing sudden interest in prayers, managed, to-day, to get BRIGHT's old corner seat. But what if BRIGHT had happened to come down, and how, if CHAMBERLAIN misses prayers and comes in half-an-hour late, and finds PETER RYLANDS installed? TREVELYAN, with characteristic modesty, sat anywhere he could find room, but gradually worked his way to corner seat on fourth bench below Gangway, where in happier days he had sat a private Member. The same place, the same man, but, Ah me! how altered.

"TREVELYAN," said HARCOURT, "is much too good for House of Commons' daily food. He is too sensitive, too highly pitched, too anxious lest he do the wrong thing. I don't think you'd find that even two years of Ireland would whiten my beard (supposing I had one), or age *me* by ten years."

Question of corner seats will have to be dealt with sooner or later. There's more coming, they say, and there's not a corner seat to let.

GLADSTONE in high feather. Spirits seem to go up as his old colleagues go off. Rather likes secessions than otherwise. Announced introduction on 8th April, of Bill for "the Future Government of Ireland." "Ah!" said RANDOLPH, "even *he* daren't speak of it as the 'better' Government of Ireland."

Business done.—House went into Committee on Crofters' Bill.

Tuesday Night.—House of Lords occupied with consideration of Lunacy Act Amendment Bill. Lord DENMAN and Lord STRATHEDEN-AND-CAMPBELL watched the

A BACK SEAT.

progress of the Measure with keen interest, but took no part in the discussion.

Commons chiefly engaged for some hours in consideration of Motion in favour of Universal International Penny Postage. Sir R. Temple fast asleep on back bench. Henniker Heaton moved Resolution. Reid seconded it in speech of extraordinary vigour. Never saw a man so agitated. Trembled in every fibre as he discussed probable effect of Motion if carried. Arms, legs, fingers, head, and small of the back all brought into action to demonstrate that "it only needs strong pressure to induce foreign countries to adopt a Penny Postage." "This agitation," Reid said, clearing a fresh space around him, as a settler clears an opening in a primeval forest, "goes back in its origin to the time when in this country we had succeeded in establishing a Penny Postage."

Sir Richard Beauty asleep.

"Well," said Willie Bright, who sat on the bench below, wearing a new hat, "I don't care how far back the agitation went; but as it seems to promise to go forward for some time, I'll go and look at the evening papers."

Dr. Cameron moved to disestablish and disendow Scotch Church right off. Debate enlivened by promising maiden speech from Robertson of Dundee. House thought it had enough on hand with Ireland. Decided by 237 Votes against 125 to leave Scotch Kirk alone for the present.

Wednesday.—Chaplin, that many-sided man, came out in new character this afternoon. Bill for Allotments and Small Holdings brought in. In absence of Jesse Collings, engaged at Ipswich, Chaplin opposed Bill. But, as he explained, with a tear dimming his eyeglass, only on account of its machinery. With its object he had the profoundest sympathy. If there was a creature in the world whom he most esteemed and respected, it was the Agricultural Labourer. He would give him small holdings if he insisted, but would be happier if he would be so good as to take large ones. Harcourt inconveniently reminded him of very different views expressed a couple of months ago. Chaplin visibly hurt at this unkindness. But he had faith that it would fail in its obvious effort to induce dissension between him and his old-time friend, Hodge.

Chaplin and the Agricultural Labourer.

Business done.—Police Forces Enfranchisement Bill read Second Time. Allotments Bill talked out.

Thursday.—Lord Kensington and Lord Stalbridge (better known as Lord Richard Grosvenor) inducted to seats in the House of Peers. "Good Whips, when they retire from business, go to the Lords—eh?" said Wolverton, welcoming the new-comers, who hung timidly together like young girls just "out." Many nights spent in Lobby together; heard the chimes of midnight, and long after. Lovely and pleasant in the Commons, in the Lords they are not divided.

"We'll tell together again yet, Kensington," said Lord Stalbridge, as they walked out hand-in-hand.

"Yes—but we get home so confoundedly early; and besides, there's no bench by the doorway where one can go to sleep with one eye open, and spring up to catch Members going out without having paired."

In the Commons, De Cobain has come to the conclusion that he won't ask any more questions. He is one of the Members for Belfast. Hates the Pope, and draws the skirts of his coat together when he passes Joseph Gillis. Not fluent of speech, but can ask questions. Always at it. Industrious as Parnellites themselves in raking up local fables, and putting questions to Chief Secretary, with intent to bring Land-Leaguers into contempt. "The bhoys" determined to let him in. To-day, being First of April, appropriate occasion. Concocted thrilling story about proceedings at Election of Poor Law Guardians at Tralee. Represented that the Mary Street Branch of the National League in Tralee threatened any voter who supported Mr. John Duadon, Conservative candidate, and opposed William Flynn, the Nationalist. Drink generously supplied, and a man named William Denny brought into Tralee dead drunk, occasioning resort to stomach-pump effectively used by Doctors Murray and Mallaly.

De Cobain's hair bristled with indignation as he read these facts. Government must be called immediately to account. Put down question for All Fools' Day, reciting blood-curdling details, and demanding "whether Her Majesty's Government would take steps to set aside the election?" On arriving at House, found telegram awaiting him. All a hoax. No Mary Street Branch of League at Tralee. Mr. John Duadon a myth, and so were Mr. William Flynn and Doctors Murray and Mullaly. Stomach-pump a phantom. Only person in Tralee named William Denny, an esteemed local leader of the Orange party. De Cobain found he had a sudden and urgent engagement elsewhere. Not in his place when Question put. But Tim Healy with inimitable gravity dragged it all out. A fine light-hearted lot, the bhoys!

Business done.—Crofters' Bill in Committee.

Friday Night.—Randolph in his place at question time. Stayed to listen to discussion on Motion about Diplomatic Agents Abroad. Thought he would go to dinner. This debate might last another hour or so. At any rate nothing much would be done after it. So strolled off to dinner, and strolled back a little after Ten, having in the meantime judiciously dined. Horror at observing House upon Order Twelve, having passed the rest all but Motion relating to Distress, and Out-door Relief. That passed over in absence of new President of Local Government Board, who has gone off to Halifax to get re-elected. Randolph, having regained his breath, stormed and raged. Warned House against "the rashness and recklessness of legislation going on at the moment."

President of Local Government Board.

Bill under discussion, one to prevent sale of intoxicating liquors to children. Grand Cross had, before Randolph came in, supported the Bill. Mundella peached upon him. Pitiful to see Grand Cross's state of terror when Randolph turned round with mute inquiry whether this was really so. Grand Cross endeavoured to wriggle out of the situation, but House would not have it, and Randolph resumed his seat in grim silence.

Business done.—A great deal.

TO BASHFUL AUTHORS.

It must be an awful thing nowadays to be a bashful Author, if there are any. The terrors of his life, as soon as he becomes anybody, are growing impossible—and anonymity his only refuge. A friend of ours who writes lectures and tales has consulted us, as the recognised Dean of Letters, on what is to be done. His one desire is to do his work to the best of his power, and then to hear the least he possibly can about it, and do some more. There really are a few like that still. Of course the proverbial good-natured friend will be careful that he shall hear of anything ill-natured enough: but that is quite proper. But what of this? A terrible person called Stomaky or something like it, has established an "Agency," and writes to our unhappy friend that, for a consideration, he will supply him "with all *comments, criticisms*, &c., from the entire *British, Colonial* and *Foreign Press*, on *yourself*, your *lectures*, or *any subject* in *which you may be interested.*" Underlined as in the original. As our friend happens to be interested in everything that goes on, Stomaky's work, in this respect, would seem to be cut out for him. But what a ghastly threat! "I may add," finally adds S., "that most of the principle (*sic*) *Actors* and *Actresses*, among whom *are G. R. Sims, Esq.*, are already subscribers." Whether the omnivorous Sims are an Actor or an Actress, our friend, who has heard of him but as an Author, does not know. But poor Sims, to have his little weaknesses thus advertised! Pollaky was nothing to Stomaky.

☞ TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

A man who has kept account of the number of kisses exchanged with his wife since their union consents to its publication as follows: First year, 36,500; second year, 18,000; third year, 3,650; fourth year, 120; fifth year, 2. He then left off keeping the record.

A LAMPLIGHTER IN LUCK.

The Bridgwater *Mercury* furnishes the following interesting facts:—John Manley, of Bridgwater, is a happy man. His good fortune deserves to be made public. Having lived among us all his life, and held the position of lamplighter for over twenty-nine years, his name and face are familiar to everybody in Bridgwater. He is liked by all, and it is safe to say one may go here, there, or yonder, and whether he meets this, that, or the other person, anywhere within the limits of our town, he will be sure to find a well-wisher of John Manley. While his life has, generally speaking, been an uneventful one, he has, nevertheless, during those twenty-nine years, met with some strange experiences. In nightly furnishing light for us all, as it were, he has weathered many a storm and wintry blast. The cause of his present rejoicing is best explained by quoting his own words, and we will only add that being familiar with the facts of the case, we gladly make public the statement, which is as follows:—

"Ever since I first got my appointment from the Gas Company, in 1857, I have made it a rule to let nothing interfere with my duties, and for seventeen years I scarcely missed a day. I was proud of my record, and resolved not to spoil it; but one night just twelve years ago, I was obliged to get a substitute or let the people of Bridgwater wander about in darkness. Having been exposed to a spell of very bad weather, I was stricken down with a terrible attack of rheumatism, which completely disabled me, so that for weeks I could not move my arms nor do my work. Although I used everything that was recommended to me, to get rid of this ailment, I have ever since been a martyr to it, and for weeks at a time have been unable to attend to my duties. In those twelve years I endured more suffering than words can express, and I began to regard my case as chronic and altogether hopeless. When I was recently taken down again by a fearful attack of my old enemy, —rheumatism,—and one of our lady citizens sent me part of a bottle of a remedy which she said was a dead shot for that fearful disease, as she had found out from personal experience, I felt it hardly worth while trying the article. I was persuaded, however, to make a few applications, and to my astonishment and delight the pains and swelling not only left me, but I have been free from them ever since, and able to do my work as well as ever I could in my life. I have not felt as well in twelve years, and I do not mind saying that I, and all those who knew of my frequent disabled condition, regard St. Jacobs Oil, which is the thing I used, as the best remedy in the world. It made me happy, and I know of several who have used it since I tried it, and all have found it wonderful effective in driving away pain. I am so delighted with the good it did me, that I shall never cease to speak well of it."

Our reporter, desirous of ascertaining whether others had experienced like results from the use of this medical discovery, about which so much is now being said and written, called upon Mr. W. Hickman, the well-known chemist and wholesale druggist, Eastover, Bridgwater, and questioned him on the subject. Mr. Hickman stated that, while it was contrary to his custom to give his opinion on such matters, for publication, he would cheerfully make an exception in this case. Such a large number of very remarkable cures by St. Jacobs Oil had come to his immediate notice, that he regarded it as a duty to the public to express his confidence in the efficacy of the article. Among other cases, he referred to that of the wife of a well-known surgeon, whose experience with the Oil was so satisfactory that she could scarcely sound its praises too loudly. Its wonderful pain-curing properties and decided power to relieve and cure rheumatism, had, Mr. Hickman said, rendered it amazingly popular among our people, and several residents of Bridgwater had handed him testimonials, with the request that he would forward them to the proprietors, The Charles A. Vogeler Co., of Baltimore, U.S.A., who lately opened a branch in Great Britain, at 45, Farringdon Road, London, for the purpose of bringing their remarkable medical discovery to the more general notice of the people of the United Kingdom.

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